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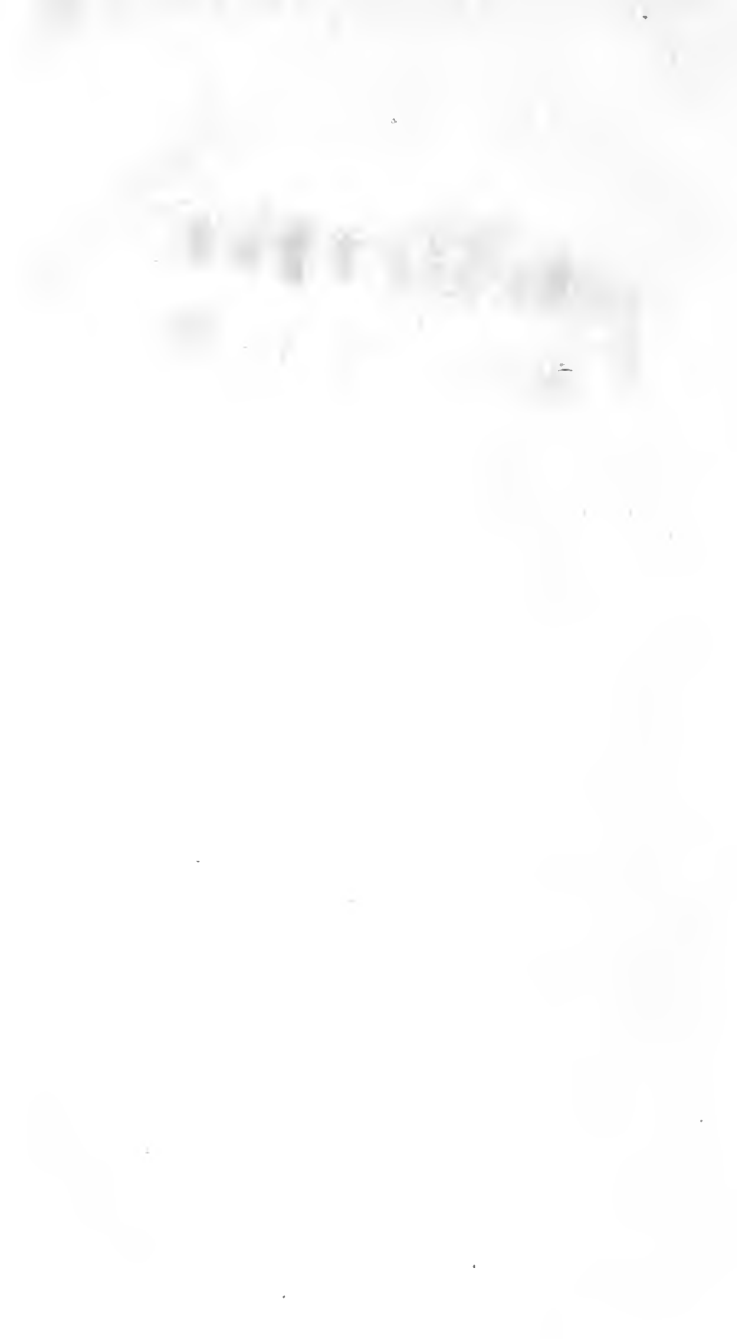
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ECCENTRIC EFFUSIONS:

CONSISTING OF

POEMS,

HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL, SENTIMENTAL,
AND MORAL.

WRITTEN

BY J. H. PRINCE.

*“Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim
scribere, tu causa es lector.”*

MARTIAL.

London:

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1814.

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PREFACE.

MOST of the following **POEMS** have long since appeared before the tribunal of public opinion, as will be seen by the notes subjoined to each of them. They have been inserted in works of great celebrity, and which have had an extensive circulation; consequently the reader may, in some of them, recognize an old acquaintance. I have now first collected them, and added others, intending that they shall (together with my other **Poems** already collected and published, and my **Prose Essays** gathered in like manner from the different periodical works to which I originally sent them) make **A HANDSOME POCKET VOLUME**. From being mere **FUGITIVES**, I have thus brought them into a **CONGREGATED** state, and hope the reader will be as pleased to see them in company with each other as he may have been to meet them in a *detached* form.

SATIRE AND RIDICULE are the principal weapons I have used to combat the prevailing follies of the day, and none are more effectual, *provided they are wielded by a skilful hand*. A celebrated author justly observes--

—'Tis *satire* gives the strongest light to sense,
To thought compression, vigour to the soul,
To language bounds, to fancy due controul,
To truth the splendor of her awful face,
To learning dignity, to virtue grace,
To conscience stings, beneath the cap or crown,
To vice that terror SHE WILL FEEL AND OWN.

The ensuing trifles being the Author's ECCENTRIC EFFUSIONS *on various occasions*, cannot be supposed to exhibit much of fancy or invention; for, as a celebrated writer remarks*, *the occasional poet* is circumscribed by the narrowness of his subject. Whatever can happen to a man has happened so often, that little remains for *fancy and invention*. Not only matter but time is wanting. The poem must not be delayed till the occasion is forgotten. *Occasional compositions* may, however, secure

* See Dr. Johnson's Life of Dryden.

to a writer the praise both of *learning* and *facility*, for they cannot be the effect of long study, and must be furnished immediately from the treasures of the mind.

Such as they are, however, they are presented to the reader with all due deference. It is *natural* to be partial to *our first productions*. I am therefore free to confess that my Poems are dearer to me than my other works—perhaps I may live to change my mind. It is recorded of HALLER (one of the greatest geniuses that ever existed), that he was so extremely attached to his early poetry, that on a fire breaking out in the house in which he resided, he rushed into his apartment and rescued it from the flames, leaving his other papers, with little regret, to destruction. At a future period he was frequently heard to say, that he had preserved from the flames those compositions, which he then thought the finest productions of human genius, in order afterwards to consign them to destruction, as unworthy of his pen*.

London, Jan. 1, 1814.

J. H. PRINCE.

* Cox's Travels in Switzerland.

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ECCENTRIC EFFUSIONS,

&c. &c.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT:

(Written at the Request of a Lady.)*

GENIUS of Gray†, direct my pen,
That, to the utmost of my ken‡,
I may the praise resound,
Of Tom, who late a victim fell
To dire disease, and (sad to tell)
Lies buried under ground.

* First printed in the Lady's Magazine for December, 1799.

† Author of the celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-yard: he also wrote an Ode on the Death of a favorite Cat, in the same metre as the above.

‡ Knowledge.

Tom was, of all the tabby kind,
The most demure, the most inclin'd
 To fondle and embrace :
He on one's knee would sit and play,
And purr applause the live-long day,
 No sorrow in his face.

When little Johnny strok'd his back,
He had a most engaging knack
 Of whirling round his tail :
The children lov'd him, far and near,
And, when he dy'd, each dropp'd a tear,---
 Goodnature will prevail.

An enemy to none but mice,
He would not let them have a slice
 Of bacon or of bread :
He watch'd them close, by night, by day,
Drove each nocturnal thief away,
 And made him hide his head.

E'en words would fail me to rehearse
The praise of Tom in feeble verse :
 Suffice it to relate,
He ever follow'd duty's call,
A willing servant was to all,
 Contented in his state.

But be it mentioned to his praise,
E'er I conclude these mournful lays,—

His honesty was such,
Though beef and pudding in galore,
Were left on table him before,
He never would them touch.

If qualities like these could save
A cat from an untimely grave,
Tom had not dy'd so soon;
But virtue or in man or beast,
Will not, alas! avail the least,
T' obtain so large a boon.

Let not the cynic knit his brow,
Because my muse descends so low
To praise a simple cat;
But let him learn to imitate
Whate'er in Tom was good or great,
And be content with that.

SOMETHING NEW *.

SOMETHING new is the cry
Of low people and high;
For *old* things no fondness they shew:
But the parson and friar,
The knight and the 'squire,
Cry out with one voice, "*Something new.*"

The boy that's at school,
The *wise* and the *fool*,
Still keep this sage maxim in view,
That nothing will please,
Or afford 'em much ease,
Unless it is *something that's new.*

The nobleman sends
His son from his friends,
To see the wide world, and to view
The manners of men,
And (as far as his ken
Will permit) to find *something that's new.*

* First printed in the Lady's Magazine for March, 1797, and afterwards in the Annual Visitor, vol. i. page 91.

The lover---he weds,
And his mistress he beds,
In both he does pleasure pursue ;
He expects nothing less
Than delicious excess,
And to find out a *something that's new*.

Our ladies so gay,
Who would figure away,
They'll go into shops not a few ;
When a bonnet they'd buy,
Mr. Bandbox (they'll cry)
Do, pray, shew us *something that's new*.

The mechanic will rack
His brains till they crack,
And every method pursue ;
With a view to his gains,
He'll take wonderful pains
To bring out a *something that's new*.

The democrat---he,
Whene'er in high glee,
Will utter predictions not few,
Respecting the fate
Of those kings who're his hate,
Whilst he longs for a government *new*.

The aristocrat
Will on politics chat,
But (hang him) to give him his due,
He's not such an elf,
But he loves to get pelf,
And to find out emoluments *new*.

The merchant---he roves,
As well him behoves,
And ev'ry nation goes through;
Pray what are his views
In all he pursues,
But to bring home a *something that's new?*

The barrister pleads,
And confusion he breeds,
When for client good cause he would shew;
For he'll chatter away
(Whilst his fees you will pay),
And find *props to your case* that are *new*.

The author's delight,
When he's in a good plight,
Is to set forth his learning to view;
Then he'll ransack his brains,
And take infinite pains
To find out a *subject* that's *new*.

In short, sir, there's none,
When all's said and done,
But what will most firmly pursue
This maxim so rare---
The conclusion is fair:---
We're *all* pleas'd with *something that's new*.

LINES

TO A CAPTIVE MOUSE*.

PRETTY little captive mouse,
Why art thou dismayed?
Whilst thou art within my house,
Thou shan't be betrayed.
No fell cat her paws shall rear,
Or approach to harm thee;
Thou art safe, thou need'st not fear;
So let nought alarm thee.

Want thou shan't for any thing,
That for mice is fitting;
What is proper thee I'll bring,
Whilst thou there art sitting.

* First printed in the *Lady's Magazine* for July, 1800, and afterwards in the *Annual Visitor*, vol. ii. p. 43.

Bread and cheese, and bacon too,
Thou shalt have in plenty :
With kind words I will thee soothe ;
Cannot this content ye?

Yet, methinks, thou say'st to me,
Ev'ry time I view thee :---
“ Give me back my liberty,
Nothing else can soothe me ;
Liberty to me and thee,
Is the choicest blessing,
All without it, that I see,
Is not worth possessing.”

Now you touch the proper key---
Yes, you answer wisely---
I adore sweet liberty
As you do precisely :
Therefore you shall not remain
Captive any longer ;
Instantly I'd break your chain,
Were it ten times stronger.

EPIGRAM

Occasioned by seeing Leaden Dumps in a Baker's Window for sale, in a Time of Scarcity.*

BECAUSE there is a scarcity of *bread*,
The *swinish multitude* must feed on *lead* ;
Nor at this wholesome food turn up your
 nose,
Of evils great, the least is to be chose.
Since for yourselves you're not allow'd to
 carve,
You must eat *dumps* instead of *bread*---or
 starve.

EPIGRAM

On denying the Personality of the Devil†.

METHINKS their *conduct* must be very evil,
Who strenuously assert "*there is no devil*,"
Whose *int'rest* 'tis his being to deny,
For his *non-entity* will loudly cry ;
And, fearing *hell*---to palliate despair,
Strive to believe---*no devil will be there*.

* Printed in the Annual Visitor, vol. i. p. 14.

† Printed in the Annual Visitor, vol. i. p. 94.

EPITAPH ON A CAT*.

HERE *lies* POOR TOM---of all the *mewing* race
By far deserving of the highest place ;
His virtues great, his qualities so rare,
My muse (the friend of cats†) would fain
declare.

Here lies poor Tom---who was as fine a figure
As any *cat*, while blest with health and
vigour;
Tho' but *twelve moons* had passed o'er his
head,
Cut down he is, and *number'd with the dead!*

Here lies poor Tom, as good a *mouser* he,
As any *cat* you'd ever wish to see ;
Nor *mouse* nor *rat* could ever 'scape his
scent,
And once perceiv'd, to shades below they
went.

* First printed in the European Magazine for 1800, and afterwards in the Annual Visitor, vol. i. p. 20.

† Alluding to the Author's having before written 'An Ode on the Death of a favorite Cat.' See ante page 13.

*Here lies poor Tom, so affable a creature,
Goodnature you might trace in ev'ry fea-
ture ;*

*His ways so gentle, and his mien so mild,
As to be pleasing to the smallest child.*

*Here lies poor Tom, as sensible a beast,
As ever liv'd, from greatest to the least ;
His wonderful sagacity was such,
As made him be by all admired much.*

*When barrow-man, with meat, call'd at the
door,*

*Tom with alertness always ran before,
Up in the barrow jump'd and knaw'd the
meat,*

*None better pleas'd than Tom with such
a treat.*

*When Tom perceiv'd his mistress going out,
He would prepare to follow her about ;
And if she went not far, he'd with her go,
And all the signs of satisfaction shew.*

*But Tom, with all his virtues on his head,
Is gone---Alas! alas! poor Tom is dead!*

Goodnature, sense, or beauty could not
save

Poor Tom, you see, from an untimely grave.

Cut down in youth, his death was prema-
ture;

No wasting sickness did his frame endure,
Or warning had he, for *an hour's space*
Saw him in health,---and death o'erspread
his face.

Nor is it known how came he to his fate,
For found he was *a lifeless corse* at gate;
No marks of violence appear'd on view;
Which for his death could one conjecture
shew.

Think how his owners must have felt the
shock,

To find their fav'rite *lifeless as a stock*;
Their feelings bid defiance to my pen:
Judge ye of them, *ye sympathetic men!*

His death a warning loud is meant to all;
Ye *sons of men*, do not despise the call,
But, waving reasoning on *this* or *that*,
Learn wisdom from the fate of *this poor cat*.

SPRING.

Written March 24, 1791, in a Field near Kingston Bridge, Surry.*

SWEET Spring appears to deck our land,
With choicest blessings in her hand;
The *birds* again are on the wing,
And cheerful are heard to sing.

Nature again her *carpet* spreads,
The *buds* begin to shew their heads;
Whate'er can charm our eyes is seen,
While all around is *dress'd in green*.

What *pleasant prospects* now appear,
From *Kingston Bridge*, both far and near!
Here Hampton-wick, *there* Twick'nam's
seen,

While *Thames*, fair river, rolls between.

But I must leave this *charming spot*,
To dwell in *London* is my lot.
Oh! had I but a small estate,
I'd live here *happy*, if not great.

* Printed in the *Annual Visitor*, vol. i. p. 35.

Yet, O my soul, contented be
 I' the station God has placed thee;
 Submit unto his sov'reign plan,
Contented with the lot of man.

Remember that *pure bliss below* .
 Is not for mortal man to know;
 Not till he soars above the skies,
 Can he attain *so rich a prize.*

VERSES,

On his Majesty's happy Escape from Assassination, May 15. 1800.*

WHEN GEORGE escap'd the assassin's blow,
 It made each *British bosom glow*
 With gratitude to God most high,
 Who prov'd his *shield* when *death* was nigh.

* Printed in the Annual Visitor, vol. i. p. 95.
 Also a large edition on a slip of paper, which
 was sold for one penny each.

The assassination was attempted at Drury-lane Theatre by Hadfield, who has been ever since confined in Newgate as an insane person.

On that event what joy was seen,
In old, in young, in every mien :
All ranks their gratitude bespoke,
That he surviv'd th' intended stroke.

In *politics*, howe'er averse,
All join'd his praises to rehearse ;
“ God save the King !” all *voices* cry'd,
“ God save the King !” each *heart* reply'd.

E'en DISCORD's self on that same day,
Held down his head, and stole away,
As if disgusted at the sight,
To see all *hearts* and *tongues* unite.

Ah ! monster never more return !
With filial love our hearts shall burn,
To GEORGE and to our COUNTRY true,
Their int'rest still we'll keep in view.

No *party spirit* hence shall fire,
Or fill our souls with vengeful ire ;
Our *feuds* shall all forgotten be,
Content with GEORGE AND LIBERTY.

STANZAS,

*Occasioned by the Treaty of Peace between Great
Britain and the French Republic •.*

WHEN *storms*, which long have swept the
earth,

And hurl'd destruction on mankind,
Retire, and all that gave them birth,
Seems hush'd in silence and resign'd,---
How welcome is the tranquil day!

How charming is the cloudless sky!
Our grateful thanks we willing pay
To Him who sits enthron'd on high.

When *pestilence*, with all its train
Of dire diseases, long has strove
To mingle with the earth again
Those forms we so sincerely love,---

* Printed in the Morning Herald, (newspaper)
9th Oct. 1801. In the Annual Visitor, vol. i. p.
99; and on the back of the slip of paper contain-
ing the Verses on his Majesty's Escape from As-
sassination.—See ante page 26.

Its desolating carnage o'er,
See! how each breast with transport
glows,
To find its terrors are *no more*,
What *gratitude* supremely flows!

When *famine*, with gigantic pace,
Has through a land its fury hurl'd,---
When *want* was seen in ev'ry face,
And all its horrors were unfurl'd,---
The dreadful *scourge* once more remov'd,
Lo! how each visage brightens up,
More thankful for the blessings prov'd,
Since they partook *the bitter cup*.

So when WAR's *long and cruel reign*,
Has delug'd all the earth with blood,
And on the species left a stain
Not to be cancel'd by a flood,---
With what enthusiastic zeal
Must *Britons* hail the *news of peace*!
What joys extatic must they feel!
Their grateful songs can never cease!

Hail! goddess, hail! may thy blest sway
Extended long o'er *Britain* be;
Depart no more, but with us stay,
And we will ever honour thee.

May no *monopolizing band*
Rob us of that which peace bestows ;
But PEACE and PLENTY, hand in hand,
Unite to yield us firm repose !

STANZAS,

*On the War which recommenced between Great
Britain and the French Republic in 1802*.*

THE *god of war* unsheaths his sword,
And lo! the nations at his word,
An *hostile aspect* wear ;
The *goddess* PEACE, with placid mien,
Retiring far away is seen,
The cruel sight to spare.

Ah me! that I, who lately sung
Those pleasing themes†, which ev'ry
tongue
With rapture did rehearse,

* Printed in the Annual Visitor, vol. ii. page 91; in the Censor, vol. i. page 72; and also a numerous edition which was sold at a penny each.

† Alluding to the Author's having written Stanzas on the peace. See page 28.

Should now so soon invoke my muse,
More *plaintive* numbers to infuse,
To tell the sad reverse!

But oh! the fatal die is cast,
The dreaded news is come at last,
And *slaughter must commence*.
WAR, HORRID WAR *, again will reign,
Again will boast his *thousands slain*,
And Peace be banish'd hence!

The *widow'd wife's* distressing groan,
The *tender orphan's* piteous moan,
Will soon our ears assail.
But this, nor e'en *the poor man's cry*,
Nor *tears* that start from ev'ry eye,
Can in the least prevail.

AMBITIOUS CONSUL †! dare no more
To boast that thou wilt peace restore,
That thou wilt peace maintain ‡.

* "Bella, horida bella!" HORACE.

† Bonaparte; then First Consul of the French Republic.

‡ He styled himself THE PACIFICATOR, and boasted that he would make and maintain peace on the earth.

Peace ill accords with thy desire ;
To mount up *higher*, and still higher,
O'er *all* mankind to reign.

But *know* that there's a God above,
A God of wisdom, power and love,
Who thy design foresees ;
And if thy motives are not *pure*,
Should'st thou *invade* us *, then be sure
He'll drown thee in the seas.

THE

TRADESMAN'S RESOLUTION†.

NEITHER gentle nor simple,
Nor pretty girl with dimple,
Shall ever have trust at *my shop* ;
'Tis a rule that I make
For my creditor's sake,
Lest into the *King's Bench* I pop.

* He threatened to invade us, and made great preparations for it.

† Printed in the Annual Visitor, vol. i. p. 152.

OPPRESSION*.

A SONG.

(Tune—Murphy Delaney.)

Do you ask me to sing when the times are
so hard, sir,

Provision so dear, and the needful so
scarce;

My song is but dull I'm afraid you will
think, sir,

Although you won't say it, I know, to
my face.

Oppression's my subject, I cannot conceal
it,

Which ne'er was more known than in
this plaguey day,

We all, more or less, sir, unhappily feel it
At present, but oh! may it vanish away.

CHORUS:

But a fig for old care, sir, *to-day* let's be
merry,

And e'en let *to-morrow* provide for itself.

* First printed in the Odd Fellow's Song Book
for the year 1804.

By the great of the land how we each are
oppress'd,

The wealthy, and titled, and such mighty
folk ;

One would think that the devil these people
possess'd,

To lay on the poor man so *heavy a yoke*.

The *tradesman* now finds it more hard to
subsist, sir ;

To pay rent and taxes—keep wolf from
the door,

For *the gentry* so loth are to part with their
cash, sir ;

Not gen'rous and noble as was heretofore.

Chorus—But a fig for old care, &c.

There's *ye men of a thousand a year*, which is
plenty,

For any one man that lives under the
moon,

They'll make a *poor tradesman* come times
more than twenty,

E'er they pay him, and then they will
think it too soon..

And if, after calling ten times on *the Squire*,

They remonstrate with him on his being
so long,

He bids them depart, and in furious ire,
Says he would not them pay *were he ten
thousand strong.*

Chorus—But a fig for old care, &c.

Yet this very same man, he will cut a great
figure,

His town and his country house he will
have,

His pleasures so great, he'll pursue with
all vigor,

But *the devil a penny for creditors save.*

Then there's some *men of fortune* who have
not got feeling,

Withhold from their servants *their modicum*
too :

Had I my will of 'em, I'd just send them
reeling

To the devil, who *surely* would pay *them*
their due.

Chorus---But a fig for old care, &c.

As to *soldiers* and *sailors*, I can't speak
against them,

Their vices annoy not a soul but them-
selves ;

They're the *bulwarks of Britain*, so let us
defend them,

And those that refuse it must be *sorry*
elves.

Let us drive away care, and our glasses
recruit, sir,

And drink in a *bumper* the health of those
men:

May each *soldier* and *sailor* have plenty of
friends, sir,

And all their *ill-wishers* retreat to their
den.

CHORUS :

But a fig for old care, sir, *to-day* let's be
merry,

And e'en let *to-morrow* provide for itself*.

* I wrote another song intitl'd '*Botheration*;' but having sold the copyright I forbear to insert it in this work.

LINES

On the Disagreement of Relations.*

It is a truth which all may clearly see,
That *near relations* seldom e'er agree;
And if, perchance, they hit on such a fate,
It is when many miles them separate;
'Tis then by letters they each other queer,
And still indite 'my Brother'---'sister dear';
But if together they should chance to meet,
To dwell within one house, nay, in one street,
You find them turn the tables on each other,
And change the tone to 'cruel sister'---
'brother.'

Honoria did reside in London town,
Of temper cheerful, not of much renown;
A sister fair he had, who did reside
From that same place not more than six
miles wide,

A temper more reserved did her grace,
She also liv'd obscurely in that place;
But though their tempers did a little vary,
Still their agreement was not much contrary.

* Inserted in the first and second editions of the Author's life; but not in the subsequent editions.

For while they at a distance thus did dwell,
In writing they could please each other well:
Sometimes the subject matter would run
thus;

My dearest brother do not slight me thus;
'Tis now a long time since I heard from you,
Tho' much I wished to know how you do.
Are pens and paper scarce, that you neglect

To write to me? or do you not inspect
The letters which I send? or what's the
reason?

Have I been guilty of some horrid treason?
Whate'er's the cause, I beg you'll write to
me,

Or else on Sunday you my face shall see;
'Tis just as bad as if I had no brother,
For to have one, yet be in such a pother.

Now, hear *Honoria*, how in softer strain
He tries his sister's best esteem to gain:
He first recites the subject of *her* letter,
Then says he thinks she should have reason'd better.

"My dearest sister, how you do begin,
As if I had been guilty of some sin:
Do you suppose that folks who're *in the law*
Will pass by *guineas* to pick up a *straw*?

Or that to more advantage they can't write
 Than letters to their friends anon indite ?
 If you so think, I differ with you there,
 Believing that much better they may fare :
 Yet let us not, my sister, disagree,
 Such trifles are as nought 'twixt you and me:
 But, to return, you very well do know
 That th' little of my time I can bestow
 To write to you I gladly do embrace,
 Yet time, with you, seems to get on apace,
 Since you (by letter) charge me with delay,
 Altho' a month has scarcely pass'd away
 Since you receiv'd my last ; for if I'm right,
 I wrote the same at nine o'clock at night ;
 It also was the twenty-first of May,
 I well remember (being my birth-day).
 And now I also solemnly protest,
 That as great love to you I have profess'd,
 The same is real, and I wish to shew it
 At all times, so as plainly you may know it:
 Command me any thing, my sister dear, }
 That I can do, and you shall quickly hear }
 The same is done, to shew you I'm sincere.' }

Thus did *Honoria* to his sister write,
 Who straight resum'd her pen with much
 delight,

To thank him for his very tender letter,
And to assure him she *now* lik'd him better.
Who would suppose that folks who thus
agree'd

By letters, should not do the same in deed?
Yet so, alas! it really was I trow,

And that the sequel will too plainly shew.
Honorina thought it would be for the best,

As he was of a house and goods possess'd,
To have his sister 'long with him reside,

To keep his house, and do whate'er beside
Might be found wanting; and to lead a life

In all respects, save one, just like a wife:

To wash his tea cups, and to clean his
rooms,

To purchase mops, hearth brushes, and
long brooms;

To make his bed, also to light his fire,

And any other thing he should desire.

Thus having laid the plan on which to go,

He wish'd his sister speedily to know

His good intentions, so to her he writes,

And, if I much mistake not, thus indites:

'My sister dear, I've hit upon a thought,

Which unto me much comfort with it
brought;

And as it you concerns as well as me,
Attend awhile, and you the same shall see.

De sunt cetera.

ON THE
NECESSITY OF FILIAL LOVE,

A FRAGMENT *.

IN days of yore, when sons their duty knew,
And gave to parents what's a parent's due;
When sacred precepts men did more revere,
And, taught by them, their parents learn'd
to fear.

When 'twas not judg'd to be the least dis-
honor,

To love a *sister*, or a *mother* honor :
When ev'ry relative fulfill'd his duty
Nor prey'd upon each other for a booty,
But would with ardent zeal each other bless
With reciprocal love and happiness.

* Inserted in the first and second editions of the Author's Life, but left out of the subsequent editions.

When rising in the world's esteem or wealth,
Was not thought ground to pass a friend
by stealth,

When 'twas not known---“ Jack how d'ye
do to-day?”

“ I know you not, sir, therefore get
away*.”

Language like this, is common now you
know,

When a *rich* friend is met by one that's *low*,
But in the happy times above recited,
Men kept the vows which they each other
plighted.

In those blest days did young *Gustavus*
live,

Who to his *parents* did their tribute give ;

* Alluding to a humorous caricature exhibited in the metropolis at the time the above was written, intitled, “ An old Friend with a new Face,” in which a man meets with an intimate acquaintance, and accosts him as follows :—“ My dear Jack, how d'ye do to-day?” to which his friend, who had by this time got up in the world, answers—“ 'Pon my honor, sir, I don't know you; I never saw you before in all my life!”

Conscious that they with care his youth
 had rear'd,
 Their words he heeded and their anger
 fear'd.

* * * * *

De sunt cetera.

TO MR. K****T.

ON HIS ILL USAGE OF THE AUTHOR *.

NEVER shall *Envy* want a treat,
 Whilst K****t lives in Greville Street ;

* The ill usage here alluded to was as follows :
 Mr. K****t delivered to J. H. P. four numbers
 of the Law Journal, with instructions to get as
 many more numbers as were published, and bind
 them. J. H. P. accordingly purchased the re-
 maining numbers, being fifteen, which brought
 the work down to No. XIX. inclusive, bound the
 whole in three volumes, and sent them home with
 his bill. K****t, the next day, told J. H. P. be-
 fore three gentlemen, in an office where they

Nor *Prince* want one to wish his fall,
Whilst K****t's clerk at Sk****rs' Hall.

were all *brother clerks*, that he had charged for No. XIX. which, *upon inquiry*, he found was not even printed, (which was in fact charging J. H. P. with being a very great rogue). J. H. P. next day obtained the number in question, and produced it to Mr. K. and two of the same gentlemen, and by comparing it with the third volume in Mr. K.'s possession, convinced them that it *was* included in that volume. Mr. K., instead of apologizing for his very ungentlemanly conduct, still acted more ungentlemanly, by refusing to pay for the seven numbers contained in the third volume, because J. H. P.'s binder had unfortunately bound it before the volume was complete (although J. H. P. agreed to waive any charge for the binding of that volume.) As Mr. K. spoke to J. H. P. before the other clerks, and in so loud a tone of voice, that his employer, who was sitting in an office below, must have heard what passed, it appeared obvious that he *intended* to injure him, and was actuated by *envy* and *spite*. J. H. P. therefore, as the cheapest remedy, resented it in the following lines, and distributed a copy to him, and also to each of the clerks in the office, (twelve in number) as well as to the master,

But K****'s power, however strong,
 Can never prove that *right* is WRONG;
 Or, *that a book is not in print,*
 WHEN AT THAT VERY BOOK WE SQUINT.
 Cease, cease, frail man, thy vain attempt, }
 And, having given thy *choler* vent, }
 Go home to G***ill Street content.

But with you *take a friend's advice,*
 I'll give it *quick*, and give it *nice* ;---
 When you return to Dowgate Hill,
 Let *charity* your bosom fill ;
 Put far away all *spleen* and *spite*,
 And I'll no more against you write.

A

LASH AT CERTAIN
 CALUMNIATORS.

* * * In order to understand the following Satire,
 it is necessary the reader should be made ac-
 quainted with the circumstances that gave rise
 to it.

THE Author had been long intimately ac-
 quainted with the family against whom

these lines were levelled ; he had been enamoured with the two daughters, and had paid his court to each of them alternately for several years, during which time he had profusely squandered away his property upon them, their mother, &c. till he absolutely ruined himself. (See the Life of J. H. Prince, page 208). The youngest daughter was the last he paid his addresses to ;—at length, seeing all his efforts were in vain, and that he could not obtain either of the objects of his *ardent love*, he withdrew himself entirely from the connection, hoping that *absence* would abate his passion. In this, indeed, he was mistaken—he found the maxim of the Duke de Rochefoucault truly verified in his experience, namely—that *absence*, though it may *lessen* MODERATE passions, will *increase* great ones ; like the wind ; which blows out *tapers* but kindles *fires*. However, what absence could not alone do, he found *that* and *time* together did accomplish. He at last *so far mastered his inclination* as to seek for connubial happiness in another object—a worthy young woman (now his wife).

During his courtship with the last-men-

tioned person, and a few months before the marriage was to have taken place, a report was propagated *that she was pregnant*, and it was, of course, insinuated that the person with whom she kept company was the cause.

On tracing the report to its source, he found it originated from the family before alluded to: what his feelings were upon that discovery, can only be conceived by those who have experienced similar treatment.

Knowing his own innocence, and firmly *believing* in that of the young woman's, he determined to make it appear plain to those who had been prejudiced against him by the report, and he also determined severely to lash the authors of it. In order to the former, he got the young woman's consent to put off the marriage for several months, that *ocular demonstration* might be afforded of the fallacy of the charge—after which, as she did not *increase in size*, he ventured to join hands with her, and it was just *eleven months*, to a day, before she was delivered of an infant—a very fair disproof of the above allegation; and in order

to chastise the authors of it, he wrote the following lines, and sent copies to the aggressors, as well as to many of their acquaintance.

The language was evidently dictated by the keenest sensations, caused by *detraction*, and is such as the author is well aware he could never have produced in his cooler moments: it was written on the very evening that he had first heard of the report.

“ I wear my *pen* as others do their *sword*,

“ To each affronting sot I meet, the word

“ Is *SATISFACTION*, straight to thrusts I go,”

“ And *pointed satire* runs him through and
“ *through.*”

OLDHAM.

INSULTS come closest when we them re-
ceive

From those *who are our friends*, as we believe;

At least from such, whose conduct we
suppose,

Place them far distant from the rank of
foes;

To whom our choicest secrets we unfold,

To whom our sorrows and our joys are told;

When *those* deceive us, and against us turn, }
 Oh! how it makes one's indignation burn, }
 And from our bosoms we *the vipers* spurn. }

Such are the foes which I have lately had,
 Who came against me, while in friendship
 clad,

Who wore that sacred garb but to deceive,
 And wound my character beyond retrieve;
 Who, *Joab* like, whilst *kissing* me would *kill*,
 And with distress essay'd my soul to fill:
 Such are the foes, whose treach'ry I re-
 hearse,

To tell of which I *prostitute* my verse.

What could you mean my character to
 wound,

As bad as hunted hare torn by the hound?
 What could you mean, 'gainst me such lies
 to broach?

How could you dare such falsehoods to
 avouch?

Would nothing less than such *black infamy* }
 Serve your base turn, for to impute to me, }
 But must I with the foulest calumny die? }

For sure the charge which you against
 me bring,

Is, beyond doubt, a most atrocious thing.

A thing, which scarce *a worldling** would
practise,
Though skill'd in all the mysteries of vice;
Whose conscience, by continual custom
sear'd,
Is capable of cruelties unheard;
Who, lost to all impressions that are good,
Enjoys his sins---more than his daily food:
E'en such as *those* feel something like an
awe,
When near unto a virgin pure they draw;
Their gestures, manners, ways and looks
are such,
As must forbid the *rake's unhallow'd touch*;
He sees them—and at once he stands
aloof,
He meets a silent, but a just reproof;
And (whether 'tis what righteous Heav'n
ordains,
To keep pure virgins free from guilty stains;
Or whether 'tis what naturally attends
Virginity, and safely it defends ;)

* A term used by the religious world to signify a man that throws off all restraint, and makes no *profession* of religion.

A kind of sacred fear does him surround,
The villain thinks he stands on holy
ground,
And runs where *bolder* lasses may be
found.

What could induce you, then to think
that I

Could e'er practise such gross iniquity?
Is there *that* monster—is there one so vile,
To be found out in England's happy isle,
That would the sacred name of Christ pro-
fess,

Yet guilty be of such *licentiousness*?

'Bove all, that would attempt to stand
and preach *,

And *chasteness, temp'rance, love, and mercy*
teach,

Whilst he of all liv'd in the very breach?
Sure *so* deprav'd a nature none can have,
Such acts *the Devil himself* could not out-
brave.

As well might *he* instruct us to be *humble*,
Who for his *pride*, we know, from Heaven
did tumble.

* The Author was at that time a Preacher.

As well might *he* cry up his moderation,
Who, in a grievous fit of sore temptation,
Held up his fist, which plainly *wrath* be-
spoke,

And nearly kill'd his wife at the first stroke,
Only because she call'd him *a few names*,
And threw a little fire at his brains*.

I hate the *crime*, and I would hate the
man,

But that I dare not—yet his *sin* I can,
And will detest that would so *cruel* be,
As any harmless virgin to betray,
And take her *virtue* and her *all* away. }

Curse on that *miscreant*, if there such
exist,

Let him no longer *stain the human list* ;
Or if he lives, let woes unnumber'd roll,
And storms of infamy, without controul,
Upon him lighten, and afflict him so
That he may nothing but keen sorrow
know, }

Until that *basest crime* he shall forego. }

Again I ask—how came you to invent
Such lies about me?—was it to foment

* Alluding to one concerned in propagating
the report, who actually treated his wife thus.

The *hatred* and the *malice* of all those
Who wanted *an occasion* to be foes;
Who gladly would come forward to im-
peach

The man whom *envy* hated to hear preach?

But why do I so much interrogate,
Or want your answer 'bout my hapless
fate?

Are not the reasons obvious why your
spite

Should be wrought up to such an horrid
height?

I've now no house for you to make your
home,

I do not now invite you all to come
To breakfast, nor to dine, nor yet to tea,
Nor with my property to make so free
As formerly I had, and did you know
So cordially on each of you bestow;

No sconces to light up each side my glass,
No fowls and bacon for to treat my
lass,

Nor bowls of rum and water 'bout to pass;
While *birth-day rhymes* in *unison* did
chime,

And with the clack of serjeants white kept
time;

No next-door neighbours, to pop in and
take

Whate'er you want to use for friendship's
sake* ;

No mugs to break, no images to smash,

No salt and pepper in the pot to dash ;

No coals to filch, no saucepans for to
borrow,

And no flat-irons, to return to-morrow,

Unless they're stole away to my great
sorrow :

But what is worse than all, no books to lend,

Nor yet to keep, for the sake of my dear
friend ;

No horse and chaise before the door to
stand,

No one my daughter *Betsy* in to hand,

Nor yet Miss *Sally*—she, alas ! poor dear !

Has had no pleasure for almost a year,

Nor will have any more, I sadly fear :

The case is alter'd very much indeed ;

From what ill planet, pray, could it pro-
ceed?

* Alluding to the *principal* person concerned in propagating the above falsehood, who had lived next door to the author, and had made free to borrow (without his leave) the articles above mentioned.

Alas! no journies now to Hampton Court,
 In one-horse chaise, nor yet a pleasant
 route

To Vauxhall gardens, gliding in a boat;
 And when in hackney coach we back did
 come,

But would not let it set us down at home,
 Lest for to *talk* it should give people
 room;

Because we should have *prudence* in these
 matters,

To eat our meat, and yet keep clean the
 platters:

No royal twelfth-cake now the tables
 grace,

Surrounded by the artful mocking race
 Of sham nobility, with joyful face,

Who, pleas'd with their *sham* king and
 queenships were,

But much more with the wine and twelfth-
 cake fare:

No more half pounds of chocolate to drink,
 Because there's none to pay for them the
 chink.

None of those things, for certain, can be
 found

Which made your hearts with joy so often
 bound

As you partook thereof—yet while you eat,
 You sneered at the fool who gave the treat;
 Laugh'd in your sleeves, to think how he
 was gull'd,

And by your flatt'ry into folly lull'd :
 Though you the *epithet* of *gen'rous* us'd,
 You still that *generosity* abus'd ;

'Tis true, the truth you once, and but once
 spoke ;

Infatuated call'd me, as a joke,

But that one word *your very hearts* bespoke. }

Infatuated ! true, I was indeed,

Or by the nose I n'er should have been
 led,

As I, by your whole family have been,

Not only to *extravagance* but *sin* ;

Yes, into *sin*—I do't again assert,

Nor can you any way the charge avert ;

To spend my *money* and to waste my *time*,

To pass in vain pursuits my youthful
 prime,

To feast yourselves at my expensive cost,

And laugh that all my labour should be
 lost ;

As knowing that I did it all to gain

The love of those, whose love I sought in
 vain,

Who never *meant* to wed with me from first,
Although they knew my motives were *so*
just :

“ But why are *we* to blame ? ” is still your
strain,

“ That you did spend your money thus in
vain ? ”

I answer, 'cause you knew that what I
did

From love proceeded to the *youngest kid* * ;
She knew I lov'd her, and the *coquette*
play'd,

In all the *guise* of innocence array'd,
And thus my unsuspecting heart betray'd. }

Yet I was told by her most near ally † ;
She said she hated me most perfectly ;
More shame to own it ! and yet suffer me
To go out often in her company,
Still suffer me my money to expend,
And receive presents from me without end ;
All this and hate me ! — Heav'ns ! what a
crime !

Is such a monster living in this clime ?

* Elizabeth ; the author paid his addresses to
her the last. See page 46.

* Her brother.

Ah! what a fool was I e'er to give way
 Unto a passion that led me astray!
 I'm justly serv'd, and should if I'd been
 hurl'd,

With all my sins, into the other world;
 Yet, O ye vile, ungrateful race! give ear,
 Think not your conduct will a scrutiny
 bear,

When you shall stand before *a Judge's severe*.

You have *drunk deep into iniquity*,
 To add to all the rest this villainy,
 Of branding *me* with infamy and shame;
 And injuring *a spotless virgin's* fame.
 Such crimes no more can punishment
 escape,

Than that vile villain who commits a rape,
 But now I've done---for sure I've said
 enough,

And must expect the poet you will huff:
 "What can the fellow mean?" is mother's cry,
 For to insult us with his poetry;

I thought he could not write on aught but
love,

And that his muse could never soar above
 The calm abode of *Venus's alcove*.

I know he sometimes us'd to please my
 daughter,

And, e'en in me excite a fit of laughter;

In *birth-day rhymes* such *fulsome* praise he
spoke

As made it obvious it was all a joke ;

Yet 'cause it did not 'gainst us militate,

We left him to his mad poetic fate ;

And cause the *ready rhino* he came down,

We sometimes told him that *he wise was*
grown,

And that his wisdom in his lines was
shown ;

Which praise such wonderful attraction
had,

His *muse* was presently in *mourning* clad,

And on *my cousin Joe* some lines I had ;

For now I recollect, if that he pleas'd,

He could write verses on a friend deceas'd,

Recite how he in wisdom's ways did run,

E'en when his earthly race was just begun ;

And how his earthly and his heav'nly race,

Did with each other evenly keep pace,

What sad afflictions did him surround,

Also what sore temptations here he found ;

And if I on my mem'ry can rely,

How *Satan* teas'd him 'bout a *mutton pye*,

Also, how on *election* he was griev'd,

Until by *Mr. Banks* he was reliev'd ;

And various other things too much to
mention,

As, if repeated, they would cause deten-
tion :

And now, likewise, him justice for to do,
He also his *poetic blood* did shew,

In writing verses on a certain preacher,

Who went to ARSTON, *there* to be a
teacher :

I knew him well, and so did my son *Joe*,
They were as intimate as any two ;

Nay, Jonathan and David, I am sure,
Were not united in more friendship pure ;

Yet, by the bye, I could not him endure :

But why was it?—because you know he
said

My house a nurs'ry for young plants was made ;

Which saying---for *ironically* he spoke---

Evinc'd a meaning far beyond a joke,

And from that time my friendship off was
broke.

But though he could upon those subjects
dwell,

I never thought he could write satire well,

Because I did conceive that if he cou'd,

He might have had occasions that were good ;

For instance now, when Compton did
 offend,
 And from the country after him did send
 A letter, most *calumniously* penn'd*,
 How justly might he then his sword have
 drawn,

And with keen satire the rebel torn ;
 Or when Will Davis did a challenge send
 To fight him, for the sake of his dear friend,
 If he could not have fought him with his fist,
 He might have given him a *poet's twist*,
 And his *antagonist* his aim had miss'd :
 Or when my daughter *Betsy* did withstand
 His earnest suit, refusing him her hand ;
 As *disappointed love* is very apt
 To seek revenge—how was it he had not
 clapp'd

A satire on us, and *our knuckles rapp'd*?

But so it was, in all these things, I vow,
 He did not once the least invective shew ;
 Which made me think he was a *stingless*
drone,

And that *revenge* he certainly had none ;

* See an Answer to this Letter in the author's work, entitled "Original Letters and Essays," page 36.

But that I was mistaken now I see,
 As also that in this he points at me,
 Which makes me shake, just like a *pop-*
lar tree ;

And now, my children, what must *we* do,
 For that you see he also points at you ?

We're all involved in the common guilt,
 We all his *pointed satire* have felt,

And something we must do 'tis very plain,
 To stop his mouth, or else he'll write
 again,

And put our *tender* souls to greater pain :
 For, by the bye, you know he's cause to
 curse

His *ragged fate*, and every one of us,
 And as we're by ourselves, I do not mind
 To tell you, that he certainly was blind,
 Or, to us, he would ne'er have been so
 kind.

But now the question that's to be debated
 Is, by what springs shall we be actuated ;
 He is a *Lawyer*, and 'twill be no use
 To *prosecute him* for his vile abuse,
 He knows the whole *chican'ry* of the law
 So well, that we no good from thence shall
 draw ;

He'll twist and twirl till he slips through
our hands,
And leave us hobbl'd in our own wrought
bands ;

Besides, *the dog* (but stay---what was't I
said ?

The dog---for that an action can't be laid ;)
I say *the dog* his story *so* has told,
That of one word we can't take any hold ;
And if we could, we must have sharpest
teeth

To keep our hold, when he brings forth his
brief ;

He would *so good a case* make out, I fear,
Before the court, that we should pay most
dear ;

Because you know that *facts are stubborn*
things,

And if such facts before the court he
brings,

I would not be there for the wealth of
kings ;

Yet now a lucky thought my head has hit,
Which sure the business to a hair will fit.-
I said we could not help ourselves---did I ?
But we've *a poet* in our family ;

Or if not poet, a pretender to it,
Who tries, by rhyming all he can, to shew it;
I mean your dearest brother, for you know
He wrote some verses on *my Lord Mayor's*
shew;

He likewise did compose a work I hear;
D'ye call it *poetry* or *prose*, my dear?
On *your society*, you know, 'twas penn'd,
Respecting its utility and end;
How many objects were thereout reliev'd,
How many *ruin'd families* retriev'd;
With many other things you best can tell,
Which from his pen on that occasion fell;
And now, if he such things as these can
write,

Another subject sure he may indite;
Let him attempt *in satire* to appear,
And that he'll have success I do not fear;
Who knows?---he may cut up that hob-
bling cur,

And cast upon him *an effectual slur*;
But mind that all his darts are levell'd sure
At that *young Lawyer*, whom I can't endure;
Let all his *bolts* be thunder'd at his head,
And all his *curses* on the victim shed,
Until he leaves him in the field for dead;

This thing dispatch'd, I've nothing else to
fear,
Let's have *a dram*, our drooping hearts to
cheer.

LINES

*Addressed to a living Cat, and to a Cat living at
Bristol.*

(Written at Bristol at the Request of her Mistress.)

O CAT! thy virtues to rehearse,
Does honor to my feeble verse ;
Sure never *cat* was like to thee,
Such qualities in you I see ;
So kind, so faithful, and so good,
You must be born of *noble* blood ;
So restless after *rats* and *mice*,
You *scent*, then kill 'em in a trice,
If at them you can get, and if not,
Your mistress moves away the black pot
At your request, who, *purring*, ask
Her to perform that grateful task.

You watch your mistress while asleep,
And on her breast most faithful keep.

O, *Cropps* *! still may you long survive
All other cats that near you live;
When *they* lie mould'ring in the dust,
May you drink *milk* to quench your thirst;
While *they* are rotting in the grave,
May you the house from *vermin* save;
But that you *may*, be careful, *Cropps*,
When into chair your master pops,
You swiftly from that chair descend,
Lest crush'd you are and meet your end.
A *burnt child* dreads the sight of fire,
And you did nearly once expire;
By stopping in the chair too long,
When down your master sat so strong;
Be careful, then, of master's chair---
I'll say no more to you this year.

CATEONIUS.

* The name of the cat.

TO MRS. GRAVELY,

*On her desiring a Letter from the Author, to take
to his Friends at Wheeley in Esser.*

My dear *Mrs. Gravelly*, how sorry am I,
I've not time for a letter, which would
gratify

Yourself, and *your husband*, *uncle*, *aunt*,
Nance and *I*.

I say nothing of *William* and *Bet*, and
Tim Cook,

Because they are far off, and can't have a
look,

But when I see *Wheeley*, I'll bring each a
book.

As to *Dick*, he's a bad and undutiful
boy,

And the news of his conduct does much
me annoy,

For it seems he is not like to give you
much joy.

I hear, and I hear with the greatest concern,
That when from *Languard Fort* poor *Bill*
did return,

Richard treated him more like a stranger
than *brother*,
Sure in the whole *village* there's not such
another;

That when he went back he refus'd him *a*
shilling,

Though he stood much in need, and to take
it was willing.

I hear, what is worse, that his parents he
treats

With neglect, and his money he spends in
the streets.

Though *twenty-four shillings a week* is his
pay,

He only gives *one* for his board ev'ry day
To his parents, but how he consumes all
the rest

My muse must not tell, though she shrewdly
has guess'd.

Ye parents, a lesson from this *urchin* }
learn;

He was treated more kindly than any one }
bairn*,

And only behold what a famous return!

* Child.

Never look upon one as *your fav'rite child*,
By excluding the others from treatment
as mild:

If you should you'll deserve, and, perhaps,
you will find

That, like *Dick*, they'll turn out *most com-
pletely unkind*.

MATRIMONY.

*On the Author's pecuniary difficulties Three Months
after he was married.—See his Life, vol. 1. p. 232.*

THREE months had scarce pass'd since the
nuptials took place,

Between a *Quill-driver** and Miss *prettyface*:
When, lo! they perceiv'd, to their very
great sorrow,

Their cash was declining,

Which set them a pining,

And racking their brains, *where* some more
they should borrow.

Young *Quill-driver* he had a sister so fair,
Unto whom, with his wife, he in haste did
repair,

* The author was then an attorney's clerk.

When straight they repeated their pitiful
case,

That though they were married
And nought had miscarried,

No more than *three halfpence* their pockets
did grace.

His sister reply'd, with her usual good-
nature,

Whilst nought but was pleasant was seen
in each feature;

“ You never shall want whilst a shilling I
have :

At your service it shall be.

Whilst you friendly I see ;”

Thus ended her speech, which was noble
and brave.

So saying, she gave them a good piece of
bread,

With part of a candle to light them to
bed ;

And afterwards too, which was certainly
best,

She had them dismiss'd,

With *two pence* in each fist,

And they to their home did retire to rest.

LINES,

INTENDED AS A MOTTO TO A GENERAL
SATIRE.

PILLS to be swallowed by all
Whose constitution they may suit,
Unto the palate they're as gall,
But when digested pleasant fruit.

Though *bitter* they may seem at first,
Yet taste and try, for aught you know
They may be pleasant when they burst,
And great delight on you bestow.

If after you have taken one,
It should not seem for to agree.
Be not discourag'd---still go on,
For various kinds below you'll see.

Come, try another, and you'll find,
My life for yours, 'twill do you good,
'Twill prove an antidote most kind---
'Twill be more precious than your food.

EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSIONS.

I WENT home to-day, *before 'twas my time*,
And found all my clerks were trying to
rhyme,
Which did so provoke me, most roundly I
swore,
And turn'd one by one out of the street-
door.

SAYS *White* to *Jack Prince*, "if with me
you will dine,
I'll give you some *beef-steaks* and excellent
wine :"—
ANSWER'D *Prince* :—"If from *Rickman's* *
I should get away,
I'll dine with you, *White*, with great plea-
sure to-day."

* The person with whom he was then clerk.

EPIGRAM,

*On some Law Papers being placed on the top of a
Bookcase, in which were Divinity Books.*

“THE *Gospel* should be put *above* the *Law*,”
Said *Pow* to *Prince*, “but ’t does my won-
der draw,
To find you guilty of so great a fault,
The *Law* ABOVE the *Gospel*, you *exalt*.”

EPIGRAMS,

ON MR. WINCHESTER’S DOCTRINE OF
LIMITED PUNISHMENT.

The first written by C. DIBDIN, jun.
The second, in answer to it, by J. H. PRINCE.

SINNER! here’s glorious news for thee---
Sin on, and banish all thy fears;
Thou’lt not be punish’d to *Eternity*---
Only about *an hundred thousand years*.

TIM QUEER.

ANSWER

TO THE FOREGOING EPIGRAM.

O TIMMY QUEER! here's news for *thee*;

Write on, and banish all *thy* fears :

Sinners are punish'd to *Eternity*---*

Yet not above an hundred thousand years.

* The Hebrew word *gnolam*, and the Greek, *aionion*, rendered by our divines *eternal*, *everlasting*, &c. &c. do not always signify an absolute *endless* duration. There are three eternities spoken of in Scripture; the first is that which is applied to the Deity, which we know (from the nature of the being to whom it is applied) means without beginning and without end; the second is that which is applied to the happiness of believers, the existence of the soul, &c., which means a period, which though it had a beginning, yet, *having its root in God*, shall have no end; and the third is that which is applied to this world, the natural life of man, and various other things mentioned in Scripture (not to say any thing about the torments of the damned), which means a period which both had a beginning, and in consequence, there being no express revelation to the contrary, must have an end.—See “The Everlasting Gospel,” by Siegevold, Winchester’s Dialogues, &c.

HUDIBRASTIC LINES,

OCCASIONED BY THE FOLLOWING CIRCUMSTANCE.

A Picture-frame-maker, Carver and Gilder, who rented one of my shops, decamped, not only leaving me in the lurch, but also every tradesman with whom he dealt. It was truly ludicrous to witness the different inquiries that were made after him as soon as his flight was known. It would have been an excellent subject for a caricaturist, to have portrayed the different visages that were exhibited on the occasion. Being not a little piqued myself at losing my rent, in order to *shame* him, I turned the whole into doggrel rhyme as below, and affixed it to the shutters, where it remained and was gaped at by crowds of people for several weeks, till I got possession of the premises and let them to another tenant.

RUN AWAY,
Did not pay
Me nor they :
viz.

}

Baker took in---
What a sin !

Butcher cheated---
How he bleated !
Coalman diddl'd---
How he fiddl'd !
Chandler humbugg'd---
Shoulders *he* shrugg'd.
Glazier done---
Glorious fun !
Milkman's score--
How *he* swore !
Publican misled---
Shook his knowing head ;
Seamstress a shilling---
Curse such a villain !

4th May, 1811.

DROLDNAL *

* That is Landlord, backwards.

FINIS.



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